

## **Foxy Brown f Jay**

### **"Z Bonnie and Clyde Part II"**

Visit "[Z Bonnie and Clyde Part II](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Bust your guns

Bonnie and Clyde shit

You hear me?

Smell me?

That's right

I'ma take this one straight to the top

It ain't takin' away

We smash it, scrape scrape

It's real like that, you know what I mean?

Bonnie and Clyde forever y'all

[Jay-Z & Foxy]

Gun check

Check

Go over the plan

I'm gonna pull up to the joint slow then hop out the van

Nah don't hop out, slide out

Lookin' like a knockout

Show a little thigh

Make this nigga's eyes pop out

Cease him with the cleavage

I want you to make this nigga believe he 'bout eat it

Then let him see a fist

Exactly

Two gun totin' I seen done stole it

Ain't nothin' gonna stop me and honey from rollin

Yeah we done promotin'

We come for the coke and

All the money in the spot

Act funny- get shot

Nigga hands high

And I hope none of you niggas got plans to die

We can't stand goodbyes

Take history

Me and this bitch will be like 5 years together, right?

Damn, seems like forever

We trade shots

We spray blocks

And we never fail

And we stay hot

[Chorus - Jay-Z & Foxy]

Would you die for your nigga?

Yeah I'd die for my nigga

Would you ride for your nigga?

I'd get sly for my nigga

Would you live for your nigga?

Super big for you nigga

Would you bid for your nigga?

Shit, you my nigga- would you ride for me?

Rapper rivalry

Would you die for me?

I'd hang high from a tree

They ain't ready for us nigga

Obviously

Sounds like Bonnie and Clyde to me

[Foxy]

I protect you like a vest

I'm the lady with a 380 special

Right next to you

Glock poppin'

Y'all stalkers

Two guns, two hun

Get down

I tear this whole shit down

Thang over vault

Pull bank jobs

I banged ya skull when I aimed to sprawl

Y'all niggas can't do a thing to this broad

My bullets hurt the same as y'all's

I've been taught by the best

Stored at the breast

Ran a niggas shit

Crossin' my chest

Life on the line said prayers under my breath

I knew I'd be all right because right there to my  
left...right

[Jay-Z]

Hover baby

Told you baby

Big gun right over your left shoulder baby

Same nigga that taught you how to hold an .80 baby

>From day one 'til we old and crazy

Let's kill the world

[Chorus]

[Jay-Z']

Renovate chemical

The bank robbers in

Our routine is like St. Bernards swimmin'

Everybody hits the floor

Guys and women

Kids rush for the door

Keep your cries to a limit

Time check mom, we got about 5 minutes

Before the authorities rush

And the FBI's in it

That teller's up to something

Look, his eyes are squinted

Don't let that button be the reason why you're finished

Yeah, the sky's the limit

Until we reach B.I.G  
Meet Jesus, confess to him all the shit we did  
Gotta reverse the six  
Let's smirk  
Head jerk  
Almost got whiplash  
We got a shitload of cash  
Throws it in the stash  
Long as we keep shit in like this  
Shit, ain't nothin' fuckin' with this  
You my Clyde for life  
I'm your Bonnie like this  
I can see us gettin' rich like this nigga  
[Chorus & Ad-lib to fade

Visit [Foxy Brown f Jay](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.